Found in the pocket of the ſlaine *Roderigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Caſsio*, to be vndertooke by *Roderigo*.
Oth. O villaine.
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſſe.
Lod. Now heres another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it ſeemes,
Roderigo meant to haue ſent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfied him.
Oth. O the pernitious caitieffe!
How came you *Caſsio* by a handkerchiefe
That was my wifes?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelfe confeſt it but euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a ſpeciall purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. O foole, foole, foole.
Caſ. There is beſides in *Roderigoes* letter,
How he obraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the watch whereon it came,
That I was caſt; and euen but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Caſsio* rules in *Cyprus*: For this ſlaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you, a word or two before you goe;
I haue done the State ſome ſeruice, and they know't:
No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe vnlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet downe ought in malice: then you muſt ſpeake,

Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one not eaſily iealous, but being wrought,
Perplext in the extreame: of one whoſe hand,
Like the baſe *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe: of one whoſe ſubdu
Albeit vnuſed to the melting moode,
Drop teares, as faſt as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinall gum: Set you downe this;
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a Malignant and a Turband *Turke*,
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State;
I tooke bi'th throate the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him thus. *He ſtabs himſelf*
Lod. O bloody period.
Gra. All that's ſpoke is mard.
Oth. I kiſt thee ere I kild thee, no way bu
Killing my ſelfe, to dye vpon a kiſſe.
Caſ. This did I feare, but thought he had n
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
More fell then anguiſh, hunger, or the Sea.
Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed,
This is thy worke; the obiect poiſons ſight,
Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keepe the houſe,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore,
For they ſucceed to you: To you Lord Goue
Remaines the cenſure of this helliſh villaine,
The time, the place, the torture; O enforce it
My ſelfe will ſtrait aboord, and to the State,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.
Exeunt

FINIS.